*Enter Cleon the Gouernor of Tharſus, with his wife and others.*

*Cleon.* My *Dioniſia*, ſhall we reſt vs here,
And by relating tales of others griefes,
See if t'will teach vs to forget our owne?

*Dion.* That were to blow at fire in hope to quench it,
For who digs hils becauſe they do aſpire,
Throwes downe one Mountaine to caſt vp a higher:
O my diſtreſſed Lord, euen ſuch our griefes are,
Here they are but felt, and ſeene with miſchiefes eies,
But like to Groues being topt, they higher riſe.

*Cleon.* O *Dionizia*,
Who wanteth food, and will not ſay he wants it,
Or can conceale his hunger till he famiſh?
Our tongues and ſorrowes do ſound deepe:
Our woes into the ayre, our eyes to weepe,
Till tongues fetch breath that may proclaime
Them louder, that if heauen ſlumber, while
Their creatures want, they may awake
Their helpers, to comfort them.
Ile then diſcourſe our woes felt ſeuerall yeares,
And wanting breath to ſpeake, helpe me with teares.

*Dion.* Ile do my beſt Sir.

*Cleon.* This *Tharſus*, ore which I haue the gouernment,
A Citty, on whom plenty held full hand:
For riches ſtrewd her ſelfe euen in the ſtreetes,
Whoſe towers bore heads ſo high, they kiſt the clouds,
And ſtrangers nere beheld, but wondred at,
Whoſe men and dames ſo ietted and adorn'd,
Like one anothers glaſſe to trim them by:
Their tables were ſtor'd full, to glad the ſight,
And not ſo much to feed on as delight,
All pouerty was ſcornd, and pride ſo great,
The name of helpe grew odious to repeate.

*Dion.* Oh tis true.

*Cleon.* But ſee what heauen can do by this our change:





Theſe mouthes, who but of la
Were all too little to content
Although they gaue their crea
As houſes are defilde for want
They are now ſtaru'd for want
Thoſe pallats, who not yet to
Muſt haue inuentions to delig
Would now be glad of bread,
Theſe mothers, who to nouzel
Thought nought too curious, a
To eate thoſe little darlings wh
So ſharpe are hungers teeth, th
Draw lots who firſt ſhall dye t
Here ſtands a Lord, and there a
Heere many ſinke, yet thoſe wh
Haue ſcarſe ſtrength left to giu
Is not this true?

*Dion.* Our cheekes and holl

*Cleon.* O let thoſe Cities th
And her proſperites ſo largely
With their ſuperfluous ryots h
The miſery of *Tharſus* may be

*Enter a Lo*

*Lord.* Where's the Lord Go

*Cleon.* Here, ſpeake out thy
haſte, for comfort is too farre f

*Lord.* We haue deſcried vpo
A portly ſayle of ſhips make hi

*Cleon.* I thought as much.
One ſorrow neuer comes but b
That may ſucceed as his inheri
And ſo in ours; ſome neighbo
Taking aduantage of our miſe
That ſtuft the hollow veſſels w
To beate vs downe, the which
And make a conqueſt of vnhap
Whereas no glory is got to ou

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